O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you h ve not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you: my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed
Shall secretly into the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it: upon my life it will do well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aymde.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how it doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

[illegible]es: he does; weele be reveng'd on hi
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive I
Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our sport.
Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.
1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile b
Charles-waine is over the new chimney, and yet our
packt. What *Ostler*?
Ost. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts saddle, put a few
the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of a
Enter another Carrier.
2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as danke here as a dog
is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this ho
ned upside down since *Robin* Ostler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow never joyed since the pric
rose, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I think this to be the most villanous ho
London road for fleas, I am stung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne
christen could be better bit, then I have bin since the
2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a jordain, an
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breed
a Loach.
1 *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, and be hangd, co
2 *Car.* I have a gammon of Bacon, and two rases
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are
ved: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neve
thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as goo